



A Weekly Family Newspaper--Devoted to Literature, Local and General News, Agriculture, and the Markets.

BY ROBINSON & LOCKE.

PLYMOUTH, O., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1855.

VOLUME II. NO. 20

MASONIC LODGE
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION
of Richmond Lodge, are every
Monday Evening before the full
moon.

D. BAUGHMAN, Sec.
O. O. F.
Plymouth Lodge, No. 93,
meets every Tuesday evening
at 8 o'clock.

J. W. DRENNAN, N. G.
W. W. ROGERS, Secretary.
Office--Over the Book Store of A. C. Du
Bois & Son.

H. & W. ROGERS
DEALERS IN
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH,
OYSTERS, &c. &c.
139 Pure Liquors for Medical Purposes.

H. M. WOOSTER
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEM-
icals, White Lead, Linseed Oil, Zinc Paint,
Wing Glass, &c., Plymouth, Ohio. Oct 21

D. HONNEKE
DEALER IN
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c.
Will pay cash for Wheat, Wool, Pelts, Seeds
and Cattle.

RAILROAD HOUSE
FAIRFIELD, HURON CO., O.
A. C. ALLEN, Proprietor.

THE above house is new and very pleasantly
situated, and the proprietor will spare no
pains to make it the public can require in
such a hot spot. Friends--strangers--all Give
us a call.
June 17, 1854--3344

A. G. ROBINSON & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
WRAPPING AND ROOFING PAPER, BONNET
PAPER, &c., &c.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
VIRGINIA IRON WORKS.
GILL, KELLY & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Nails & Spikes.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL
MANUFACTURERS OF
S. W. Corner of Public Square, opposite the
Bank. P. P. MYERS and GEO. W. WARRING,
Proprietors.

W. WARRING
Dry Goods at Wholesale.
N. O. 35, Superior Street, WEDDELL
HOUSE, CLEVELAND, O.

We have received our Fall Stock and are
now prepared to sell goods at the lowest
New York prices. We invite dealers to call and
examine our stock and prices before purchasing
elsewhere.

P. J. DENKER & SON
Importers, Manufacturers & Wholesale Dealers in
Furnishing Goods, Trimmings,
CLOTHES AND CLOTHING.
No. 75 Superior-st., CLEVELAND, O.

P. J. D. S. D. pledge themselves to offer as
good inducements to country merchants as can
be done in New York or any of the Eastern cities.

PLYMOUTH MARBLE WORKS
BRYANSON
IS prepared to furnish at all times, his manu-
factured MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES,
MASTHEADS, &c., of the best style and finish,
either Italian or American Marble, at prices un-
equalled in this Western country. He has now
on hand, and is constantly in receipt of the
most splendid specimens of Marble, of all sizes
and kinds suitable for Table-tops, Mantle-
Pieces, &c.

J. S. BLYMYER & CO.
MANCHESTER, OHIO.
(Successors to W. S. Granger.)
DEALERS IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC
GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, CARRIAGE
TRIMMINGS, Patent and Enamelled
Leather, Tin Plate, Chain Pumps, &c. &c.
Manchester, January 5, 1855.

WELDON HOUSE
S. M. WELDON, Proprietor.
MEALS, TWENTY FIVE CENTS.
The Proprietor has refitted and re-furnished
this house, and is now prepared to make travel-
lers and others comfortable. No pains will be
spared to render guests, from all who have taken
this house, (formerly kept by B. Linniger) of
Plymouth, the most comfortable. Aug. 5, 1854.

E. McFALL & CO.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
GROCERIES,
LIQUORS, FRUITS,
MANCHESTER, OHIO.
E. McF. & Co., can supply retailers on
better terms than either Cleveland or Sandusky.
Their stock is large and complete, to which they
invite the attention of dealers. July 1st, 1854
Plymouth, Sept. 26, 1854.

STOVES! STOVES!
POWERS & KINNEY
HAVE received their fall and winter stock of
Cooking and Parlor Stoves, for
WOOD OR COAL,
of every variety and size, which they offer for
sale at
the lowest kind of Prices.
Also, a large assortment of TIN WARE, which
will be sold cheap. Call and see.

PLYMOUTH MILL
ON THE RIVER, east of Plymouth.
This mill will be built exclusively for
flour, and is ready at all times to grind wheat, buck-
wheat, corn or chop. The patronage of Ply-
mouth and the surrounding country, is respect-
fully solicited.

W. S. WEBSTER
FLOTT CONSTANTLY ON HAND and for
sale at the Mill.
Plymouth, Sept. 20, 1854.

WESTERN EXCHANGE
South-east Corner Public Square, Plymouth, O.
THIS subscriber would respectfully inform the
traveling community, that he has taken the
above House (formerly kept by B. Linniger) of
Plymouth, and having thoroughly repaired it,
is now well prepared to accommodate travelers and
others. His table will always be supplied with
the best of the market afford. His stables (thoroughly
repaired) are under the care of attentive
colts.

Produce Dealers
POWERS & KINNEY, are prepared at all
times to pay the highest prices in cash, for
Wheat, Corn, Oats, Rye, Timothy, Flax and
other goods.

Select Poetry.

Who is She?--FROM THE SPANISH.

'Tis said a justice of the quorum,
Who was no fool,
When theft or murder came before 'em,
Made it a rule
At once to stop the lawyer's clatter,
Saying, 'Dye see,
Let's probe the bottom of this matter,
Pray, who is she?'

And in this truth was the proceeding
Of common sense--
To trace the agents at the breeding
Of each offense.
For oftentimes in face of day
Crime walketh free,
Because the judge forgets to say:
'Pray, who is she?'

In every lawsuit which by man
Is set afloat,
Put miracle apart, we can
Smell petticoat.
In each a woman figure--maid,
Wife, widow, or may be;
Then nothing ever need be said,
But, who is she?

If Adam lost his Paradise,
'Twas Eve's tripping;
Some hidden thing beguiled her eyes,
Or fig or pippin;
From whence the author of our woes
Is plain to see;
And all creation groaning knows
That it was she.

If you should trace where once was Troy,
Ashes and sand,
And think of Greece's grateful joy
And ruthless band,
Let your stern judgment twist the two
Suspended,
Until Homerus answers you--
Pray, who is she?

Or if poor Blaise has spent his gold
Tearing love's knot,
Till everything that could be sold
Has gone to pot--
Ask not what fatal star has ruled
His destiny,
But ask how luckless Blaise was fooled,
And who was she?

When in the street you hear a rout
Of deadly fray,
And one sore wounded falters out:
'Help, help, I pray,'
Say 'requiescat,' to the slain--
The slayer, let him be--
And at the next tap ask again,
Pray, who is she?

If on the bed of pain you see,
A gallant youth,
And of his vigorous malady,
Would know the truth,
Let not fever or catarrh
Your question be,
But ask a wiser thing by far--
Pray, who is she?

It is a sex both kind and chaste,
When rather plain--
The old and snub-nosed are my taste,
But I refrain
Like a poor coward from the maid
Both fair and free,
And pop my question half afraid--
Pray, who is she?

Selected Miscellany.

A LOVER'S SACRIFICE:

OR A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION

CHAPTER I.
'I can no longer struggle against the cur-
rent of misfortune,' exclaimed Mr. Whit-
ing, a small merchant, who, by the pres-
sure of hard times had become somewhat
involved; 'I am ruined.'
'Nay, my husband, do not be distress-
ed. Worse calamities than this might
happen, and we will make the best of it.'
'But, wife, I must fail; I cannot suc-
ceed myself another day.'
'You have done all you can to avert
the misfortune, and if it must come, let
us not repine, but bear it like Christians.'
'I will try to keep calm; but it seems
hard, after weathering the worst of the
storm, to be wrecked in sight of land.'
'Perhaps your creditors will give you
more time,' suggested Mrs. Whit-
ing. 'I cannot hope it; the note which comes
due to-morrow, and which I am utterly
unable to pay, is in the hands of my bit-
terest enemy.'
'He will not distress you.'
'I know him well. He is a villain.'
'Who do you mean?'
'Baker.'
'God help us if he is your creditor.'
'As near as I can learn, he bought the
note on purpose to perplex me, and thus
to obtain his revenge.'
'Why is he so bitter against you?'
'Because I exposed a swindling opera-
tion in which he was engaged.'
'How much is the note father?' inquired
a beautiful, hazel-eyed girl, who had
not before spoken, but who had been lis-
tening with interest to the conversation
between her father and mother.
'Three thousand dollars, Sarah,' replied
Mr. Whit-
'Can you not pay it?' asked Mrs. Whit-
ing. 'I cannot; my credit is very much
impaired, and notes have been too thick
in State street for me to borrow without
paying an exorbitant price, and that, I
think would wrong my creditors, in case
anything should happen.'
'It is not dreadful to fail, is it, father?'
'It would be ruinous to me, my child.'
'If I could pay this note to-morrow, I
could get along very well. I should not

have been so but for the failure of Jones.'

But I suppose it must be, and we must
content ourselves to live a little more close-
ly than we have been accustomed to.'

Sarah asked no more questions, and
though the conversation between her father
and mother went on, she seemed to pay
no attention to it. She appeared to be
musing deeply over something.

As the evening advanced, John Barnett,
a clerk, who had for some months been at-
tentive to Sarah, and who, report said,
was a favorite suitor, made his accus-
tomed evening visit.

Everybody said that John Barnett was a
nice young man, and every wife worthy
of so amiable and beautiful a wife as Sarah
Whiting would undoubtedly make.

If there is anything in smiles and words,
the affection of the young clerk was warm-
ly reciprocated by Sarah. They are not
engaged, however, though he called at Mr.
Whiting's house from four to seven even-
ings in a week.

Mr. Whiting and his wife retired at an
early hour in the evening, leaving the lovers
to have it out.

As usual, John Barnett begged her to
make him happy by promising to be his
forever. To his utter surprise and con-
sternation, she said she could never be his
wife, and entreated him to think no more
about her. Of course the lover pressed her
for an explanation of this sudden and re-
markable change in her manner towards
him. But she could not even do this, and
John took his leave, feeling that he had
not another friend in the world.

CHAPTER II.

Sarah Whiting had another suitor in
the person of a wealthy and eccentric old
bachelor, who, after withstanding the as-
saults of thousands of bright eyes and be-
witching smiles, had laid his heart at the
feet of the beautiful heroine. We don't
blame the fellow for falling in love with
her, any more than we blame Sarah for
laughing at him when he threw himself at
her feet and "popped this question."

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was not an ill-
looking man, though he was an old bache-
lor. True, his hair was not so black and
glossy as it had been twenty years before;
there was an occasional iron gray hair
which looked a little suspicious, yet when
he began to make his court, to the divinity
of his dreams, even this disappeared, and
the people were malicious enough to say
it was through the influence of a certain
compound applied by the barber. True,
also, there was now and then a wrinkle in
his face, which some young ladies affect to
dislike.

But what of all these things? Old age
is honorable, and the iron gray hair and
wrinkles did not in the least mar the kind-
ly expression of his face.

He was a very clever fellow, and though
the merry little Sarah Whiting could not
help laughing when he popped the ques-
tion to her, she would very willingly have
had just such an article or something of
that sort.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a firm believ-
er in the ancient verity, that "faith heart-
ner nor fair lady," and he determined
not to fail or give up the chase till he
had bagged the game or seen her wife of
another. Consequently he held out all
the inducements in his favor.

He was not what young ladies call an
old fool, for he had sense enough to feel
that he never could gain the victory on
the strength of his physical attributes--
his personal beauty.

But he was an amiable man at heart,
and trusted solely to the influence of his
moral and mental qualities for success--
He had thus far failed him, through he
still persevered.

Mr. Whiting, really understanding what
those attentions meant, did all in his
power to favor his suit; for he was an old
fashioned man, and placed more confi-
dence in the power of a good heart and
plenty of money, to make his daughter
happy, than he in the more common attri-
butes of youth and good looks, even though
the possessor of the first named commodi-
ty had passed the meridian of life.

But Sarah had a mind of her own in
these matters, and though she appreciated
her kind father's motive, she could not
think of throwing herself away on a man
of forty, if he was an angel.

It was only in the afternoon of the day
preceding the conversation we have rec-
orded, that Mr. Somerset had paid her a
visit, and renewed his protestations of love
to her. She had told him for the twenti-
eth time "no."

When she heard her father relate the
particulars of his embarrassment, the im-
age of Mr. Somerset had involuntarily
presented itself to her mind. He was
abundantly able to assist them in this
emergency, and for the love he bore her
perhaps he would.

But then if she applied to him, and he
afforded the necessary aid, she would be
under obligations to him, which she might
not find very convenient to discharge.

Ruin stared her father in the face. He
said it was ruin and she was sure it
was.

What right had she to be selfish and
over nice, when she had it in her power to
avert the dreadful calamity. Her father
was all in all to her, and though some are
so sentimental as to sacrifice father, moth-
er, home and friends for a lover, she would
sacrifice a dozen lovers for her father
alone, to say nothing of her mother who
was worth at least two dozen lovers.

Let not the reader suppose that the pret-
ty Sarah did not love him upon whom
she smiled--she did; but her bump of ven-
eration was larger than that other bump
on the back of her head.

Her resolution was formed, and about
11 o'clock the next day, she put on her
bonnet and walked to the Revere House,
where Somerset was boarding.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Ladyke Somerset was a nabob, and
retained a private parlor, to which the ob-

sequious servant conducted Sarah Whit-
ing. Of course the bachelor was reasonably
astonished at the visit.

'I knew you would be, and that's the
reason I came,' laughed Sarah, and at the
same time she blushed so sweetly that Mr.
Ladyke Somerset had almost dissolved in
a rapture of delight.

'Ah, Miss Whiting, you are not always
so kind to me as you are to-day.'
'But I always will be hereafter,' and
Sarah smiled, though her heart beat like
the bounding of a race horse.

'Ah, you are so good--and pretty
too.'
'I will save you the trouble of all these
useless adulations by saying that I have
come to accept your oft repeated pro-
posal.'

'Indeed!' and the bachelor was taken
all aback, he could hardly believe the evi-
dence of his own senses.

'What, sir! do you recede your offer?'
said Sarah, laughing with all her might--
a very convenient cloak for young ladies
sometimes.

'Capital joke--eh?' and the bachelor
laughed too.
'No joke, sir; I am in earnest.'
Sarah looked as sober as the matron of
the Orphan Asylum.

'Nay, nay, my pretty Sarah, do not
make sport of me.'
'I will give you my promise in writing
with my signature, if you desire it.'
'Is it possible that you mean so?' said
the doubtful Mr. Somerset.

'Take my hand.'
The bachelor took it, pressed it to his
lips, and began to think himself the hap-
piest man in the world.

'I am yours, Mr. Somerset.'
'Bless you, Sarah.'
'On one condition.'
'Name it.'

Sarah recounted the story of her father's
embarrassment.

'Fill me out a check for three thousand
dollars, and I'll promise to be your wife
in one year.'

Mr. Ladyke Somerset mused. He ap-
peared to be in doubt. He was a very
high souled man, and the idea of buying
the hand of his wife was, to the last de-
gree, repugnant to him.

'You hesitate, sir, I know you do not
love me,' said Sarah, with apparent pique.
'On my soul, I do! I agree; here is the
check,' replied Mr. Somerset, as he seated
himself at the table and drew the check.

'Now include in it a note to my father,
saying you heard of his trouble from a
mutual friend, and then beg the privilege
of loaning him the amount of the check.'

'And you sacrifice yourself to your fa-
ther, my fair Sarah?' said the bachelor,
as he sealed the letter.

'I do.'
'You are an angel.'
'Nay, I am no angel.'
The check did but the business, and Mr.
Whiting was as happy as he ever was in
his life. Baker could not keep that night
because he had been told in his revenge.

In the evening, Mr. Somerset called at
the house to see his future bride. She
treated him kindly, and permitted him to
sit by her side, hold her work-basket, and
pick up her thimble when she dropped it--
which was glory enough for one even-
ing, to one as moderate in his wishes as
the bachelor here of our heroine.

But about 8 o'clock, to Sarah's utter
consternation, John Barnett paid his usual
visit. The poor clerk was sadly distress-
ed, as well he might be, and called to de-
sire an explanation of the cool manner in
which he had been dismissed.

The presence of Mr. Somerset was all
the explanation he desired. He was un-
easy, he could not join in the conversation,
and aware that he was making himself
disagreeable to the party, he determined
to take his leave, but how could he leave
her?

He knew Mr. Somerset to be one of the
best men in the world and he resolved to
request an interview with him on the spot.
The worthy bachelor condescended to
walk down the street a short distance with
him, and John Barnett told him the whole
story; how he loved Sarah, how he had
every reason to believe that Sarah loved
him. He was sure that some unfair ad-
vantage had been taken, and he wanted
the matter explained.

'Come back to the house young man
and I will give you all the satisfaction
you desire.'
John consented.

A few minutes sufficed to explain to
Mr. Whiting and the discarded lover, the
nature of the sacrifice which the devoted
Sarah had made for her father's sake.

'Bless you my child!' exclaimed the
merchant, his eyes filled with tears of love,
as he tenderly embraced his noble daugh-
ter.

'You understand it now, don't you,
Mr. Barnett?' said the bachelor, with a
good natured smile.

'I do, indeed,' replied John scornfully.
'She is a noble girl, and I will never cease
to love her, though she never can be mine.'
Sarah cast a glance at him, and her eyes
filled with tears. She never knew until
that moment how much she loved the poor
clerk. But it was all over now--the bright
dreams of love had passed away, and she
could never be happy again.

'What, Sarah, do you recede from your
promise?' asked Mr. Somerset.
'Nay, do not. Farewell forever,' and
the poor girl sobbed convulsively.
'Farewell, Sarah,' and the clerk seized
his hat and rushed to the door.
'Hollo! stop, young man,' exclaimed
Mr. Somerset, 'don't go off mad. Give
me your hand.'
'You are a good fellow; I honor you,
Sarah, your hand,' and Mr. Somerset took
the little white hand of the weeping maid-
en, and placed it in the hand of John Bar-
nett.

'Be happy.'

'What do you mean, sir?' asked Sarah,
bewildered at the action of the bachelor.
'Then, you love him, don't you?'
'With all my soul!'
'And do you not love me?'
Sarah began to understand.

'I like you.'
'You are his; be happy. You did not
for a moment suppose I could be so mean
as to take advantage of such a noble act
of self-sacrifice as you performed to-day?'
No! I love you, but I will not make you
miserable.'

Poor Sarah! How happy she was and
how she pitied poor Mr. Somerset, who
loved her so much. She felt that if she
had never seen John Barnett, she would
have been glad to become his wife, iron
gray and wrinkles to the contrary, not-
withstanding--he was such a dear good
soul!

'Be happy, and that isn't all; when I
die you shall have half of my fortune.'
The bachelor kept his word, and he did
not die of a broken heart, he did not live
many years; yet when he did die, the
hand of a woman--of a true and loving
woman as ever made home a paradise--
smoothed his dying pillow, and closed
his eyes in their last sleep, and there was
sincere mourning at his bier.

Poor Mr. Ladyke Somerset! though he
found not a wife in Sarah Whiting, he
found a true friend.

Belles and Beggars of Italy.

The Florence correspondent of the New-
ark Advertiser says:

Instances are not unfrequent of mendic-
ants becoming rich through their beggar-
ly savings. A singular revelation of
this is reported to have occurred here a
few days since. A young man of respect-
able family, being cheated in some way
out of his heritage, went to a certain
church daily to pray the Virgin to take
his cause into hands; and as he went he
was in the habit of throwing an alms into
the hands of a beggar found always on
the church steps who pretended to be blind,
wearing a bandage over his eyes. After a
month or so the beggar addressed him,
changing his imploring air to one of pa-
tronage, and asked him if he did not him-
self need pecuniary aid. The young man,
with surprise, asked the beggar, in reply,
what was to him?

'Much,' he answered, 'because I love
you; and then inquired if he would like
to make an eligible marriage.'

'I said the young gentleman, "how
can I marry a rich wife, when I have noth-
ing to bring her in return?"'
'Well enough, if you let me make the
match for you,' said the beggar. 'Come
to-morrow, at such an hour, to --- st.,
No. ---, and I promise you a good for-
tune.'

'Agreed!' said the other, beginning to
believe that his patron Mary had wrought
a miracle in his behalf.

The next day found him true to his ap-
pointment at the house. The door being
opened by a servant, he was about to re-
treat, thinking all a hoax, when the domes-
tic insisted on his going in, saying that his
master expected him. He accordingly en-
tered, and found a gentleman, who met
him with a kindly welcome. 'Sir, I have
not the honor of your acquaintance,' said
the young man. 'I know you very well,
though,' replied the gentleman, 'and per-
mit me to present you to my daughter,'
leading the astonished youth to a beautiful
young lady seated on the sofa. After
some general conversation, the father sig-
nified his wish to be alone with the stran-
ger. The daughter modestly withdrew,
and he revealed himself as the blind beg-
gar of the church steps--said he had, dur-
ing twenty years, accumulated a fortune
through begging, and would now present
him with his daughter and her dot, because he
was sure that he was an honest man. It
need not be added that Italian piety did
not prevent the young man accepting the
price of low treachery, nor that it led him
again to the church to thank the Virgin
for this wonderful answer to his prayers,
and to hang a silver chain, in acknowl-
edgment, before her image.

MARRIAGE IN A SHROUD.—Calling re-
cently upon a young bride, (a very pleas-
ant custom) we saw spread upon the table
some beautiful silver ornaments of elegant
workmanship. Books were there also,
with richly chased covers and golden
clasps. Gilded baskets and embroidery
adorned this beautiful table. They were
bridal gifts, and the bride, a blushing
creature, light-hearted and happy, seemed
proud of the many and exceedingly rich
testimonials. It is a pretty custom to
give presents to a bridal pair, and one
that is in vogue everywhere, both in civil-
ized and uncivilized life; and we thought
how varied the character and meaning
these gifts imply in different countries.

In Japan, strange as it may seem, the
bride receives from the hands of her dear-
est friends a sermon in disguise. On the
wedding day, when light hearts and inno-
cent mirth prevail, and the guests move
lightly among flowers and perfumes; as
soon as the bride enters, a long white veil
is thrown over her, which covers her from
head to foot. Whether the material is
transparent or not, we cannot tell, but af-
ter the ceremony is over, she carefully la-
sides this covering among her treasures,
not to be disturbed, and there it is to lie
until the day she is to be carried over the
threshold for the last time. For the
wedding veil, at her death is to be her
shroud.

What would our ladies think of having
a shroud around them to partake in the
festivities of a wedding day?

'Sail,' said one girl to another, 'I am
so glad I have no bean, now.'
'Why so?' asked the other.
'O, cause, I can eat as many onions
as I please.'

Luxuries Enjoyed by Farmers.

Chamney P. Holcomb, in his interest-
ing and valuable address before the Mont-
gomery County (Md.) Agricultural So-
ciety represents in a stern light, the su-
perior advantages possessed by farmers,
for obtaining at a cheap rate, the comfort
and luxuries of living--cheap, as com-
pared with the rate at which the same are
procured by the city resident, who pays a
high price for the house he lives in, the
food which supplies his table, the fruit he
partakes of, for every ride he enjoys, and
for other numberless gratifications, which
the farmer finds in the natural course of
events ready at hand. On this subject,
C. P. Holcomb remarks:

'I would like to see an account stated
say by a master in chancery, where he is
instructed, from the character of some lit-
igation that might arise, to charge the
farmer with each item he had consumed at
city retail prices, and for each ride he had
taken at livery stable prices. It would
show up some of our "economical farm-
ers," so called, I suspect; as great spend-
thrifts. The rate at which they live would
not be a little surprise themselves as
well as his Honor the Chancellor.'

Of the capacity of a farm to pay an in-
come in raising and supporting a family,
I was forcibly struck, on being called on
by a respectable old neighbor in his last
sickness, to draw up his will. Seated at
his bedside, I asked him what he had to
dispose of. 'My farm,' said he. Know-
ing he had lived, I may say, like a gen-
tleman, a country gentleman, riding al-
ways in good style, dressing and eat-
ing his family well, entertaining liberally,
besides having a family of grandchildren
on his hands to support, although I knew
he was a good farmer, and an industrious
man, and the hands of his helpmate were
swift to the distaff, still I thought that
with his farm of but two hundred acres he
must have got behind, and put him a
question to learn if he meant to give it
subject to any incumbrances.

'Incumbrances,' said he, 'oh, no, sir,
the good farm has kept herself clear; not
an acre of other soil,' exclaimed the old man
exultantly, 'is covered by any man's
mortgage. The farm has supported me
and my wife for nearly half a century; we
have raised our ten children on it, and it
has been a shelter and home to our grand-
children when their parents were stricken
down or overtaken by misfortune. I